

Scio. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.

Scio. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,
 Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.

Mene. Fic, fic, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scio. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Mene. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
 To bring the Roofto the Foundation,
 And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges
 In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scio. This deserues Death.

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,
 Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,
 Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
 Of present Death.

Scio. Therefore lay hold of him:
 Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.

Brut. *Adiles* seize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,
 heare me but a word.

Adiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,
 And temp'rately proceed to what you would
 Thus violently redresse.

Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,
 That seeme like prudent helpees, are very poysonous,
 Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
 And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here:
 There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,
 Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue scene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
 a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe
 him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

*In this Martinie, the Tribunes, the Adiles, and the
 People are beat in.*

Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,
 All will be naught else.

2. Sena. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid:

I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,
 Leane vs to cure this Cause.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
 You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
 Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
 Though calu'd i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
 Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of
 them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
 And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
 Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
 Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
 Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
 What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone:
 Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request
 With those that haue but little: this must be patcht
 With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

*Exeunt Coriolanus and
 Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
 He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
 Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
 What his Breft forges, that his Tongue must vent,
 And being angry, does forget that euer
 He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*
 Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,

That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himselfe?

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
 And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall
 Then the severity of the publike Power,
 Which he so sets at naught.

1. Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
 The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure ont.

Mene. Sir, sir, *Sicin.* Peace.

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt
 With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe
 To make this rescue?

Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know
 The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consull? what Consull?

Mene. The Consull *Coriolanus*.

Brut. He Consull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,

And yours good people,
 I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
 The which shall turne you to no further harme,
 Then so much losse of time.

Sic. Speake brecefully then,
 For we are peremptory to dispatch
 This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence
 Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
 Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
 He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
 Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd
 In Ioues owne Booke, like an ynnaturall Dam
 Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.
Mene. On he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
 Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.

What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
 Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
 (Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
 By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
 And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,
 Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it
 A brand to th'end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane kammie.

Brut. Meerely awry:

When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.

Menen. The seruice of the foote

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was.

Brut. Wee'l heare no more:

purue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
 Least his infection being of catching nature,
 Spred further.

Menen. One word more, one word:

This Tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
 The harme of vnskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
 Tye Leaden potnds too's heeles. Proceed by Proesse,
 Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
 And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye talke?

Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?

Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres
 Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
 In boulded Language: Meale and Bran together
 He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,

Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
 Where he shall answer by a sawfull Forne
 (In peace) to his ymmost perill.

1. Sen. Noble Tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course

Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,

Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
 Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
 Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
 In our first way.

Menen. Ile bring him to you.

Let me desire your company: he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
 Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Hories heeles,
 Or pile ten hillies on the Tarpeian Rocke,

That the precipitation might downe stretch
 Below the beame of sight; yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

Enter Volunna.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corio. I muse y Mother

Do's not approue me further, who was wont
 To call them Wollen Vassilles, things created
 To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
 In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood vp

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